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No. 1.

WHAT THE BREAKERS HAD TO ME.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

This is the burden of the breakers
As upon the beach they shiver,
And the wind that has blown hither
Glad to find their secret pines.
Glad the wind and waves to shiver
Placed in God's supreme cathedral—
By the blue sky's dome, and closely
Walled in with the dim horizon—
On the sea, that mighty organ,
With the winds for stops, the longest
For its thundering diapason.
This the burden that they sing me:

"Man, who for a space endured,
Fell with wild and wayward faster:
Man, whom every five feet lurched
With her foible accompaniment.
Mock me not with idle laughter,
That, on weak and wavering feet,
I, the poet and the hero,
Put to scorn the feeblest of men."

"Weak in all thy pomp and power,
Boasting, dreaming, prying, sinning,
Creature of a shining hour,
Know I am from the beginning:
Who shall limit my dominions,
Ours are down to time or distance?
Let the vast spaces of my pinions
Sweep the borders of existence."

"Be man come—Thine is the waving wonder
This, my wave, that thrills and rages,
At God's feet was hurled in thunder,
On the wild crest of the sea.
Still I sing my dirge, unwearied,
For I have seen thee hurled and hurled
I shall cheer the waves
When the race of man has perished."

From the ocean, white and eager,
Breaking on its beach in triumph,
Drawing back in lamentation
From its dim and foamy limit,
Hug to me in Rime's thunder,
While above me aged the summer,
While around the wet sand gleams,
And the submarine, like a glory,
Let the long line of the breakers.

THROUGH FORBIDDEN PATHS.

By CLIO STANLEY.

Author of "Faithful Margaret," "Shadows of a Girl," "The Heart of a Hero,"
Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER V.

BRIGHT HOPES CLOUDED.

It was a quiet, lovely morning, and there was no one in sight in the hall or on the piazza when Phyllis Hawthorne came down stairs and went into her mother's room.

Felice's cousin, Gustave Feder, had come the night before, and he was probably walking somewhere in the grounds with Felice. Her father had shut himself up in the library with his accounts, which seemed to be giving him a good deal of trouble, and Phyllis was free to spend the morning as she pleased.

She had a letter from her lover in her pocket, and she meant to talk it over with her mother.

She made a pretty picture as she walked down the long hall, the bright morning light falling over her hair and face and dress.

Her face was not by any means a beautiful face, but there was a subtle grace and charm about it, which, even in her petulant moods, raised her far above the level of merely pretty women.

Gustave Feder, pausing under the shadow of the arched doorway, with Felice's hand on his arm, turned his eyes from one face to the other, and hesitated as to which of them made the prettier picture.

Phyllis' figure was absolutely girlish in its slenderness, but there was a grace in her most careless motion.

Her face was paler than usual, and her beautiful black hair, falling in shining, gleaming waves about her shoulders, was tied back with a broad scarlet ribbon, one end of which, blown about by the soft breeze that was rustling through the hall, kissed her cheek and left a shadow of color there. But for that her face would have been colorless.

The plain white dress—a kind which she always wore in the bright summer mornings—was fastened at the neck and wrists with delicate ruffles of embroidery, and she wore no ornament except a slender chain of gold holding a small cross.

It had been a present from her father on her last birthday.

"And that is the pretty daughter?"

"Yes—if you call her pretty," Felice said in answer to her cousin's abrupt question.

"Not so pretty as you are, my dear. She wants color and life and passion in her eyes. Is she fond of her mother?" he asked, with a searching glance at his companion.

A shiver ran over her at the question.

"Why do you ask me that?" she asked, angrily. "What have I to do with her likes or her dislikes?"

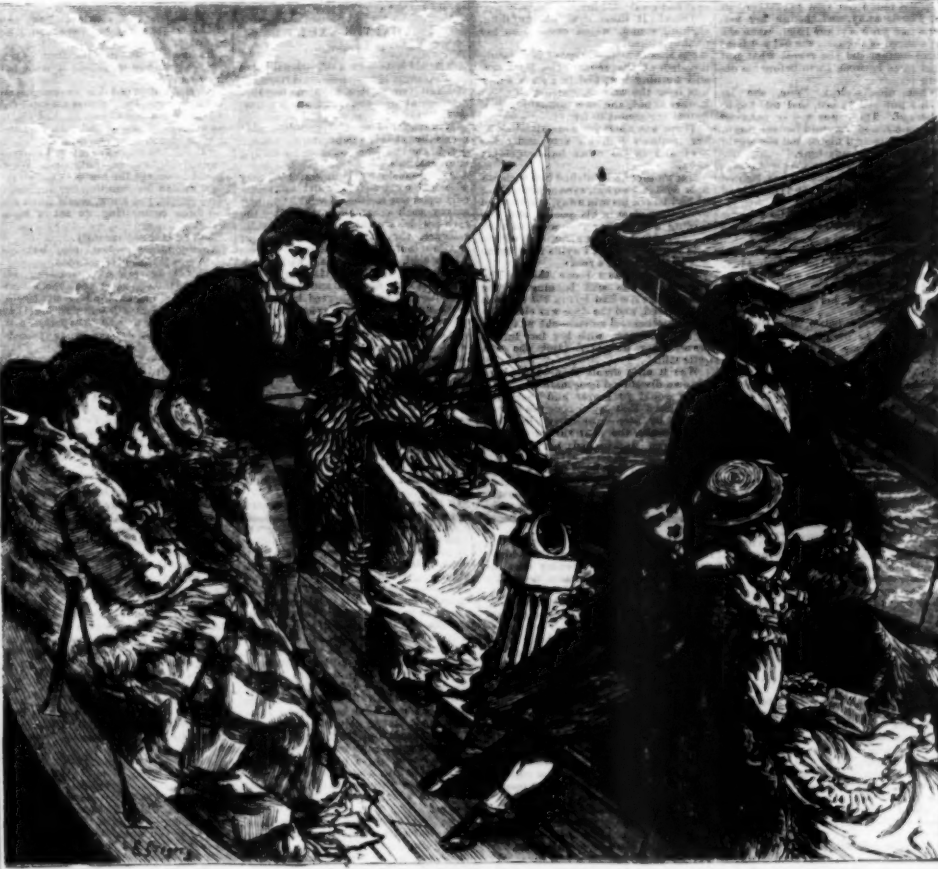
"Then leave me, Gustave, for I cannot be a coward. I am frightened at my own foolishness sometimes."

"For one single moment, Felice forget her usual caution, but she happened to look up as she was about to answer his question, and she thought she had made her mistake."

"I told you," she said, sharply, "that Mr. Hawthorne is tired of his wife, that he never loved her, but married her for some fortune which he will add to his own the day she dies. He will not let pity for his daughter's white face stand in his way."

"And you, my dear? He has much

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YACHTING AT THE SEASIDE. (See Fourth Page.)

confidence in your discretion, has he not?"

"Did he not save poor papa from being gay once? It is five years ago, but I never forget it. Of course he can depend on me, Gustave."

"And you depend on me?" was his quick reply.

"I have nothing to do with it," she said, catching her breath. "Mr. Hawthorne knows you are a villain, Gustave—he knew that five years ago—and he offers you ten thousand dollars to put his wife out of his way. I am sure you will be well paid for a moment's work."

"Is it that you call it, a moment's work? But what pays me, then, for the haunting shadow of the dreadful deed eyes, and the stare of the white face in the coffin? for the ghost that stands by me in the dark night, and the white death-robe that brushes me? Can you tell me that, Felice?"

He had spoken so swiftly that she could not utter a word to stop him.

"How dare you say these things to me?" she said, at length. "If you were afraid to do it, why did you not say so at once?"

"I afraid!" he said, scornfully. "No! Gustave is not afraid of anything. But you are afraid, and I mean you shall have your share of the trouble."

She shuddered inwardly, but looked him steadily in the face.

His eyes were cruel enough, but there was a gleam of passion in them that appealed to her.

"There! Do not have fear of me, my dear. I was only trying you to see how brave you are. You are to be my wife, Felice, and I would not have a poor, weak wife married at her own shadow."

"Then leave me, Gustave, for I cannot be a coward. I am frightened at my own foolishness sometimes."

"You will be soon cured of that, my dear. Wait till we are safe in merry Paris, and you shall find me more to be trusted."

While this conversation was taking place, Phyllis had disappeared in her mother's room and shut the door behind her.

"What is it, my darling?" said her mother, making room for her on the lounge where she was sitting; "you look sad and weary, and you are young, and should look happy."

"Yes, dear mother, I ought to be happy, while I have you and—Darling, I have another letter from him this morning, in which he promises to come again very soon. And, mother—he wants to be married in October."

"He would say to-morrow, if he dared, my darling; but I think he must be satisfied to wait until Christmas. I am not feeling nearly as well, dear, and I should hate to have you leave me."

"I will not leave you, mother, until you are quite well, and I will write and tell Darling the reason. I hope Felice will get married or do something to find another home for herself before I go. I am sure, mother, you could not endure to have her here."

"I am afraid your father has promised that she shall stay as long as she wishes, Phyllis. You know her father made Mr. Hawthorne her guardian?"

"Yes," said Phyllis, doubtfully. "Though I can't see why she needs a guardian. She is old enough to take care of herself; and if she isn't, why can't she go home with that dreadful cousin of hers?"

"The needs some one to take care of her money, I suppose," Mrs. Hawthorne replied, calmly. "But she may marry her cousin some day—I think he seems to fancy that she will—and then she will go back to France."

"Do you think she loves him? She has said so many times that she didn't believe in love."

"She may have said so, but she did not mean it. I saw them walking under the trees an hour ago, and I read in his face what he felt."

Phyllis looked out of the window, but the two had turned from the house again, and were walking toward the gate. But Felice no longer had her hand in her cousin's arm.

"There they go," said Phyllis, in a low voice, half to herself. "If only we had seen the last of her!"

"What are you saying, Phyllis?"

"I am foolish, mamma; but I can't help feeling that Felice is an enemy to our house. I shiver when I look at her, and if she comes near you, I want to spring upon her and drive her away."

"My darling," said Mrs. Hawthorne, softly, "come and sit by me. You must not grow nervous like your mother. You know there is nothing your father dis-

likes so much as these nervous tremors! Sometimes have. You must learn to be brave, darling, and be a comfort to him; for I have thought lately that I might not be with you always—perhaps not much longer."

"Mamma, mamma! do not talk so! I can't bear to hear that!"

"But if it should be the truth, my child?"

"It cannot be!" cried Phyllis, sharply. "God would not take you away from me, mother!"

"Hush, Phyllis; you must not say that. I only wish I had done more for you, and been more comfort to both you and your father. I fear I have tried his patience sadly since I have been so miserable."

Phyllis looked at her mother with bewildered eyes. "Dear Guy," said she, softly, as if to herself; and there was a troubled sound in her voice. "I wish I had been more gentle with him, and then he would perhaps be sorry when I leave."

"Mother, dear mother," cried Phyllis, in a voice of horror, "surely you do not know what you are saying?"

"Yes," she answered, sadly. "I know well, my own dear child. Once was not a love-match, Phyllis, though I have learned to love your father dearly. My heart has never wandered since the hour I felt your little curly head on my bosom; my love has been the strongest, I do not blame him—never think that, Phyllis."

Phyllis did not speak. She was crying softly, with her head bent down on her knees.

And that was the night that Mrs. Guy Hawthorne as he opened the door and asked where Felice had gone.

Phyllis lifted her wet eyes to her father's face, and her lips parted eagerly, but something in his eyes made her hesitate.

"Felice is out walking with Mr. Feder," she said, quietly. "But see, mamma, here is some one who wants you. Mamma is making herself miserable because she thinks she worries you with her illness. Sit down, and comfort her, please."

Perhaps, for a moment, Guy Hawthorne felt stirring in his breast something that had lain sleeping a long while—perhaps for a single moment he re-

lented in his sinful purpose; but just then Felice's face appeared at the open window, she parted the curtains and looked in.

"What a delightful little family group!" she said, with the angry color flushing her dark cheeks. "And poor me! I am to be left out!"

"Not so, Felice!" and Guy Hawthorne pushed away his wife's hand, and met Felice's curious look with a smile vivid in its brightness.

CHAPTER VI.
A LOVE PARALLEL.

But after that first impetuous sentence, Guy Hawthorne's face darkened, and he turned gloomily away.

Felice saw the motion, and laughed aloud.

"That was a very kind thing to say, dear Mr. Hawthorne, and I am daily grateful. But I should like it better if you would come out to me. I wanted to ask your advice about a very important matter."

"Certainly, Felice. I was just going to the garden to see to my new vines. Perhaps you will walk there with me."

"Let us off go," said Phyllis, springing to her feet. "It is such a lovely morning—too bright to be indoors."

"You forget, Phyllis, her father said, gravely, "that Felice means to talk business to her guardian. You had better stay with your mother, who certainly could not walk with us."

Felice changed color. Her very brown flushed crimson, and her hands trembled as she put them on her mother's shoulders.

"And I would not leave her," she said, proudly, leaning down to kiss the thin, white face. "Don't let business keep you too long, Felice!"

"What is it you mean?" she asked, sharply. "I do not mean to trespass on any one's time."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Hawthorne. "My time is at my own disposal I presume, and consequently at your's, Felice. Do not walk any longer."

to the garden, but when they had reached the shadow of the long grape arbor, Guy Hawthorne turned round abruptly to find Felice's beautiful eyes full of tears.

"Felice!" he exclaimed, every thought banished from his mind except the one thought that she was suffering. "Felice! am I the cause of those tears?"

"No—that is, not altogether," said Felice, trying to speak calmly. "I tried not to cry, but—" and she broke down entirely.

"It might not be so necessary for you to try," he replied, with a frown. "Oh, my Felice, tell me at least that you are not growing weary of my love."

"Alas, no!" said Felice, with well-acted surprise. "It is that I fear you repeat of what you have done. Oh, Guy," she continued, speaking rapidly, "it would be better to let me go away and let things be as they were before, than to go on and know you are unhappy."

"Who says that I am unhappy?" he asked, quickly.

"No one. It was not wonderful that anyone should say so. I read it in your face when I looked in at the window."

"I tell you so," said Guy Hawthorne, taking the hand which was resting wearily on his arm, and he spoke so earnestly, as he gazed on her dark eyelids, "I should be the most ungrateful man alive if I were not happy."

"Know, Felice, that my happiness lies only with you; apart from you, life would be aimless."

"Ah, when you speak like that," sighed Felice, "I feel I can never give you up."

"Why should you speak of such a thing?" he said, holding her hand closer to him; "if it is everything to you, what must it be to me?"

"And even if you do love your wife a little, Guy," she continued, as if she had not heard his last words, "you will, you are sure, be happy with me?"

"I shall think that I am in heaven when you are my wife, Felice!"

"Not that!" she said, shuddering. "Not that, Guy! To be there one must die, and I long for a long life and a merry one."

"You shall have it, my darling; if all a man's efforts can compass it. But you have not told me what your cousin said, Felice."

"He says," and the words came slower from her pale lips, "that you will leave the front door ajar to-night, and a light burning in your room. The rest of the house must be dark. And you are to give me the ten thousand dollars in bank notes, which I am to bring to him when I walk after tea."

"And then—" he said, as he paused.

"And midnight you will be free to go. And from that hour," he said, "we will devote this life to each other, my Felice."

"With all my heart and soul," she whispered.

"My darling, kiss me!"

And Felice lifted her cold lips to his, and after one light kiss, availing his embrace, she ran back to the house, leaving him to silence and an accusing conscience.

"Twelve hours to live!" Guy Hawthorne muttered to himself. "Yet she is a good woman, after her fashion, and what difference can it make to her when she dies. Presently when I am rid myself of this abominable weakness—I shall go in and see her, perhaps. I will be cold and stern—no, I will be kind at the last. And to-night I will go away, until it is over."

For a moment he thought of Phyllis—Phyllis who loved her mother and would mourn for her—but he chased the thought away. "Darling will comfort her," he murmured, to himself, "and when the child is married, I will take Felice away to some distant country, where we may forget all that has power to make us, even for a moment, miserable."

He went into the house and into the library, where he took from a locked drawer the sum he had agreed to give Gustave Feder, as the price of his work, and put it in a leather purse that lay open beside him, then writing a brief note to Felice, telling her of his intended absence, he found means to put both in her hands, and before dinner, went to bid his wife good-bye.

Mrs. Hawthorne was looking paler than usual, and graver; for sad thoughts were intruding themselves on her mind. She looked up as she heard the door open, thinking it was Phyllis who had returned.

When she saw who it was a faint flush crossed her face.

She had been deadly pale all day, and at that little nervous flush her husband's eyes fell.

"I am glad," he said, slowly, "that you are a little better, for I must go away to-night, on business."

"Is it important business, Guy? I think—I am afraid—that I do not believe that I am quite as well as usual to-day."

"What, with that cold in your face?" he said, kindly, and compressing his lips.

"You are foolishly frightened, Bertie, and think you are ill when there is no sign of illness about you. You will be quite well when—"

"There's the life-boat," cried Le Dane.

The crowd shook their heads with smiles.

RED
R
D.E.-M.A.-R.R.—The one is asking
her a skewer.

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hence the way of food—we refer to what you
allude, its intense dislike of some things—should
not be regarded, as well as the repugnance
grows up person. We consider it a great
of cruelty to force a child to eat things
are repulsive to it, just because somebody
other once wrote a new law to the effect
“Children should eat whatever is set before
them.”

JAS. E. URBINA.—The prohibition of civil engineering is one of the most honorable and important of all the professions. & Until within the last two years there has been plenty of work for all who were qualified to do well the highest grades of work in the profession. The panic of 1893, the depressed condition of building, and

...ing, geology, so necessary in taking account the curvature of the earth. The one text books studied in the course of engineering are laid down in the catalogue of our scientific schools. A note to the Dean the Faculty of any one of them, as for instance the Konnensaker Polytechnic Institute at New York, or the Columbia College, New

outmost quantity of bichromate of potash is added to render it sensitive to light, and also to make it very hard and durable. The solution is poured on a level plate, previously rubbed over with wax, and is dried by means of heat. As soon as dry, or when required for use, the sheet of gelatine is stripped from the plate and printed under a photographic negative.

the pressure of the atmosphere. The fluorescent chemicals are soaked out with water, the plate with the printing surface of gum is attached to a piece of ordinary plate, and the process, and taken up with ordinary ink. When printing it is necessary occasionally to dip the plate with water. A mask of paper is used to secure white margins for the prints; this

to give much valuable information as
rarity of old coins: Dollars of 1864, be-
known. Dollars of 1796, very scarce. They
can be procured at a small premium, if
rubbed or indented. No dollars were
from 1865 to 1871. Half dollars of 1864
known; of 1871, very rare. Some coins
1796 to 1860, or 1819. Quarter dollars of 1

from the future from an old putting them in hand—will get us with

and even the very site occupied by the
previously to this terrible visitation. The
rubbish was removed and the land cleared
disputes and entangled claims of the
houses had been destroyed, both as to
tion and extent of their property, pro-
only interminable occupation to the
law, but made the far more serious

—that day—men who had been in
acquainted with London previously to
and, in order to escape from the sum-
mat arts which were delay must con-
the decision of these two arbitrators
final and binding. The surveyors ap-
determine the rights of the various
were Mr. Moot and Mr. Crook, who,

of the interested parties, and by the determination of the different claims, the rebuilding of the city to proceed without delay. Hence across the city quoted, usually applied to the exteriors of things from a difficulty.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.—You

Date	A. D.	Translation.
1601	Adelphi, Baron Feinist.	
1611	Edgar's Four Gospels.	
1614	St. John's Gospels.	
1615	St. John's Version of the Feinist.	
1616	St. John's (or Mampole's) Feinist.	
1617	St. John's Bible.	
1618	St. John's Book.	

1611.—(J. Jove's) Isaiah.
1616.—Covenant's Bible.
1624.—Cheridale's Jeremiah, Psalms
 Moos.
1628.—Cramer's Great Bible.
1630.—Frasenow's Bible.
1647.—Machew's (i. e., J. Rogers's)
 Chaucer's Bible.

1500.—Geneva Bible.
1535.—Bishop's Bible.
1582.—Rhems's New Testament, English translation.
1609.—Douay Bible, Roman Catholic.
1611.—King James's version.
In speaking of the different translations, such expressions are frequently

will the first
go seems to
they know a
about which
minutes but

MISCELLANEOUS.—FRANK
—There is no way whatever that is
presenting it. 2. It indicates ju-
all. REVUE.—The re is much in
in the pronunciation of all and is

Clucking there-
day of China."
aved by Wil-
e Nixon press
d Holland and
to one "nice
rty, you have

He seems to have plenty of will only turn it to good account. We rise you to do your duty. A. F. I present quarrel as a summer clock took past away. Home — All done quantity taken, and the reason of meat three times a day in the best good for anyone. A. F. I. (continued)

is so improperly in some, to let him make one first. J. C. (of the sort, then tell him he must do the other. J. HARRIS.—To make salinum pipe, mix together equal parts of Magnesia and good plaster, and add enough water to make a little

...which will be ensured

only safety is in glorifying in it.
